To Draw a Ragged Breath with You

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To Draw a Ragged Breath with You

by Apocalyptic_Space_They

Summary

Sometimes whispered confessions, truth and it's consequences are easier in the dark, under the light of a quiet moon

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3:53 am?

That was significantly outside Will's usual schedule. A bit concerning

"Will? Is everything all right?"

"I don't know Hannibal, you tell me, is everything all right?"

"In what sense?"

"I don't really know, and I really don't like not knowing. You went through a lot of trouble to frame me Hannibal and now you've let me out. Something doesn't add up here. Something's wrong with my data pool. I need to know. Why you made me your fall guy then changed your mind?"

"Is that what you believe happened to you Will?"

Will huffed a dry quiet laugh in irritation.

"Spare me the psychoanalysis"

Hannibal sighed, stretching out in his big bed, letting Will's scathing tone tip toe across his whip tight animal instincts, let them settle possessive and warm in his stomach.

Will wasn't quite ready to get to the point, he might as well get comfortable.

Notes

Have you ever, when being jostled by your very excited dog, accidentally orphaned a whole fic series?

Unfortunately I have, so this is a repost of the original, so I can finish it (and also hopefully not cry, I want to cry)

These men are filthy in love and completely emotionally useless. I don't know, they don't know. Nobody knows. But it's gonna get interesting regardless. They'll see to that. :)

See the end of the work for more notes

Will

Bzzzzzzzzt

Bzzzzzzzzt

Bzzzzzzzzt

What time was it?

Hannibal, being a life long light sleeper muted almost everything on his phone when he went to bed, everything but Will Graham. He stretched as he reached for the phone, if he was awake he was ready. That's how he was still alive after all these years.

3:53 am?

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That was significantly outside Will's usual schedule. A bit concerning actually. Hm

"Will? Is everything all right?"

"I don't know Hannibal, you tell me, is everything all right?"

"In what sense?"

"I don't really know, and I really don't like not knowing. I always know why people do horrible things, but you went through a lot of trouble to frame me for your murders Hannibal, and now you've let me out. Something doesn't add up here. Something's wrong with my data pool. I ***need*** to know. Why you made me your fall guy then changed your mind?"

"Is that what you believe happened to you Will?"

"Spare me the psychoanalysis"

Hannibal sighed, stretching out in his big bed, letting Will's scathing tone tip toe across his whip tight animal instincts, let them settle possessive and warm in his stomach. It was probably a good thing Alana wasn't here tonight, Will wasn't quite ready to get to the point, and he'd been to old to slip off for bathroom indiscretions for decades.

"Oh, no psychoanalysis? I thought that's all you wanted from me."

The silence was brief, gravid with things unsaid. He could hear Will, restless and needful on the other end always looking for him in one way or another, shifting, reaching, pulled up short by that.

"No, don't do that, don't lump me in with them."

"With who Will?"

"I said no, you don't get to do that, you don't get to play glib and oblivious. We both know that's not true."

"Yes I suppose we do. What then, do you want Will? As I recall you phoned me at four am. Not the other way around."

"I'm so tired of these games. In the 1300's King Edward the third would draw and quarter traitors in public displays of humiliation for their betrayal."

"Do you want to humiliate me Will?"

Hannibal could almost feel the feral little snarling grimace Will must be wearing right now. To angry to remember to pretend. The lilt of righteous fury in his voice was sweet, tart, with an edge of salty richness... Like a savory rush of blood and sweet wine over his tongue, such an ecstatic little luxury.

"I want answers. I wonder Hannibal would you tell me the truth if I drew and quartered you?"

Hannibal could almost taste Will's frustration on his lips. A little Espresso added to the chocolate, the edge makes the flavors more complex, rich. Will Graham was the most decadent desert.

"Are you casting yourself as the King then William?"

Will clicked his teeth, snapping at him over the phone, not quite swallowing the breathy gasp, the need.

"Yess"

"You've thought about killing me before... "

"Yes"

"When you sent that young man, a virtual child, after me. Did you imagine it was you who was killing me? With your hands?"

"Yes"

Will bit into each word, like it was the enemy, the fevered grip on his self control wavering more every second. Hannibal couldn't resist worrying it with his teeth, tasting the glory of it as it crumbled. Give me all your sweet violent delights William, I want them. **Need them**

"He didn't use his hands."

"No. If he succeeded... He couldn't... That's mine."

"Only you get to kill me with your hands?"

"Yes"

"You didn't think he'd succeed?"

Will laughed, dry and dismissive. So cruel, so delicious.

"How would that virtual child as you put it, ever kill you? Don't be stupid Hannibal. Besides, I told people. Abel, your **girlfriend**. She walked in on me you know, all big eyes, Will don't do this. I don't know you anymore. As if she ever knew me, as if she knows you. She's beneath you Hannibal. It disgusts me. No, I didn't want you dead-, I needed you to understand"

Hannibal used every bit of practice he's ever had to not let this bombshell visibly rock him. Still his voice was barely a whisper, Will would notice. He always did.

"What was I to understand William?"

Will waited, the world held in the palm of his hand, literally and figuratively, only their mutually tightly controlled breathing echoed down the line. Will's breath stuttered just the tiniest bit.

"I want a confession."

"A confession of wrong doing?"

A sharp intake of breath and the rustle of clothing was the only real answer he was going to get. Hannibal sighed more to himself then anything. They already had to talk about that then? These... feelings? When they felt so new, vulnerable and raw in his chest?

"And you William, will you confess as well then, to what's growing inside you?"

"Whatever's inside me, you put there. I need to understand why, to what ends. Is this another game to you?"

"If you will indulge me for a minute. I think I need to understand too, then I'll give you what you want-, need. This fantasy William, in which you don't use your hands,. This fantasy about drawing and quartering me, where would you do it?"

"On my property... By the river, with ropes and... Our monsters... I guess."

"But not your hands?"

"... No"

"So this one, with the ropes and the river, it isn't about killing me?"

Hannibal could almost feel Will's stomach muscles tighten, with the small controlled whining growl that accompanied it. It was Will's turn to whisper now.

"You know it's not"

"I see, and it would matter to you if you were like them, to me?"

Will's words were a little raw, gravely with need now.

"This, whatever this is... I need to know Hannibal. I need a confession. I can't go any further like this. I don't do well with uncertainty."

As if Hannibal thrived on uncertainty. As if he hadn't spent his entire life carving even the slightest uncertainty out of his life. Still this was the moment, the choice was made. Because Will was nothing like any of them to him. He could never be satisfied with one taste of Will's luxurious ferocity. He wanted the flavor of Will Graham on his tongue forever, and that rather made the FBI looming between them a problem.

So now was the time, already. Distantly Hannibal cataloged his feelings, humor, hunger, fear, longing, lust, want, need-, and the new feeling. The new feeling was to fragile and much to sweet, fresh from the oven. He unwrapped it, a most exotic delicacy, carefully, thoughtfully, examined every aspect of it before speaking the feeling into the world.

"We move through this world strangers to each other. Only in truly knowing, in loving one another may we raise each other and ourselves out of the muck and mire. I see you burning like a bonfire, like a god, like a man resplendent in his humanity and I know you to be nothing like them. And if in seeing myself through your eyes, I see myself as a man as well, shot through with life, with feeling, with pain? Then I must trust your judgement and know myself to be a man as well"

Will gasped at the weight of that admission. He wasn't needy anymore. The beast had what it needed. His tone was quiet, Will's monster was peace and fire at once, glorious. The flames licked at Hannibal's emotional vulnerability, growling quietly, possessive.

"I promised you a reckoning Hannibal"

"Yes"

"This is your reckoning. This is *_my_* design. I want you to feel everything with me, here. Your punishment is your humanity Hannibal. You can't unknow it... and I want to feel it in you, burning, hot, wet, bloody, and desperate. Now"

"Very well"

Will chuckled again, well aware how close he was to his killing blow, hungry for it.

"So fussy when you feel exposed Hannibal, are you feeling vulnerable now?"

"Of course I am"

"More vulnerable then if it was my hands around your neck?"

"...Yes"

"Good, I'm glad we understand each other. Show me then, show me how the great mysterious, monsterous Hannibal Lecter feels in his new found humanity."

It was a matter of course that Hannibal always kept his body under rigid control. It was safer that way but it wasn't a necessity. He let the brutal, bloody, desire in Will's voice wash over him, felt a lifetime of personal boundaries and protective rituals wash away on the knife edge of Will's demands. The lust he'd been mostly pointedly ignoring, mostly successfully, rolled heavy and demanding through his body, insistent on a release he hardly ever cared about. Will wanted everything so he gave him everything. The simplicity of it was really quite lovely.

Will kept talking to him through it, a mirror to all the times when they sat in his office talking Will through emotional revelations both violent and erotic.

Hannibal knew that commands, threats, curses, and promises were hanging in the air between them. He knew that at some point he stopped being able to think in English, or remember what language he was speaking at all. Maybe he should make Will a decryption key. Later. Later. Let go. He was supposed to be feeling not thinking. Easier said then done.

At some point Will stopped talking like they were enemies, more like he was with the dogs when they were acting up, stern but affectionate. Were they pack now? Could they be pack now? Hannibal thought perhaps he wanted that.

Will laughed a gentle warm laugh. Gentleness was not typically a thing Will gave him. Had he said that outloud? Had he said it in English?

"Yes Hannibal, I think despite how either of us might feel about it, we're pack now, now and forever... Fuck. Come with me now."

And he did, he most definitely did. A wave that built in his gut and swept over him like fire and blood, like oxygen resuscitating a dying man. Only Hannibal Lecter had never until this moment truly lived and now he was born again, washed anew in the blood of his lover. The French call it the little death. The largest little death now, blood, honey, chocolate, fire, and love, so much love. Yes I love you Will. I love you. I will burn this world for you if you ask. All you have to do is ask it of me.

The phone line only held their ragged breathing for awhile. Will in a moment of rare emotional vulnerability, sighed, the weight of eternities within it's cool embrace.

"I wish I could trust you Hannibal"

"I wish you could trust me too Will"

The silence hung long and heavy in the predawn air. Will sucking his teeth like he was thinking about something specific.

"Well maybe we can figure something out"

"That's a very big perhaps William."

"Don't do that buffer formality with me. You sound like my dad."

"I-, don't have much experience with anything else."

"I know, but you can teach old dogs new tricks. You just need the right rewards... and some patience."

"I feel I should be offended that you're calling me an old dog..."

"Is that what I'm doing?"

"Heh, I've obviously created a monster."

"Wasn't that your exact goal?"

"Goals can be subject to change"

"Right. You're funny sometimes you know. Not when they think you're being funny but you're funny aren't you?"

"I really don't know I've never done this before."

"Hm... me either. So goal now, is getting Patroclus out of Hell right?"

"Yes... If you're serious, then that would be the next step logically."

"Ok so then let's do that, I gotta take the dogs for a run and get to work... to catch you. Funny how that works out. Tell Alana I said hi."

Hannibal gave himself 2.5 minutes to really appreciate this mess he had somehow gotten himself into after a lifetime of being so very careful before he picked up his phone. Tell Alana hi. He didn't need a doctorate in Will Graham to know a test when he saw one. So he was going to do just that. In text only. He wasn't that kind of masochist.

Regretfully Alana, I'm late getting around this morning and must reschedule our coffee

-

Is everything ok?

You're never late anywhere unless it's extremely important

-

I'm glad you trust my reputation. Unfortunately today I really must reschedule

-

Okay, sure of course

It must be important

-

It is

Will sends his regards

-

What?

What are you doing with Will so early?

-

I'm his therapist Alana. I have to be available when he needs me.

-

If I didn't know better I'd think you two were having an affair

-

If you knew better I suspect none of us would be here at all

-

Excuse me?

-

Knowing innately changes the course of all our choices. If you knew everything before a choice was made, would that be living or living death?

-

Would it be rude for me to say that sometimes you're very weird Hannibal?

-

It wouldn't be rude at all. It would be the truth, and since it's already been said it really doesn't bear wondering after the fact.

-

Ok Hannibal

Well, I'll see you later then

-

Wonderful

It made Hannibal slightly nervous to call Will. More specifically it felt very new and vulnerable talking to someone honestly, who could see behind the mask. But they had a plan to make so he would do what needed to be done as always.

"Hello?"

"Ahh yes well, it would seem that my morning plans were abruptly cancelled-, by me. I thought I could bring brunch. We could have a working lunch"

"Yeah, I'll be done with this at... about 11?"

"You're not going to ask me what I'm bringing to brunch Will"

"No Hannibal, I'm not gonna ask, bring whatever or whomever you think best. Ok?"

"In that case I have a meal to make"

"You do"

He could hear the shape of one of Will's extremely rare genuine smiles in the shape of those simple words.

Ohhh that pain was a divine torment. After a lifetime of carefully attended detachment, he was finely and perfectly infinitely attached. It was less bothersome then he would've expected. Maybe that was just Will. His heart, that never raced at all, pitter pattered along like a baby dear as he made breakfast.

He would raze the earth for Will Graham...

and he didn't even have to ask.

End Notes

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